

NOVEMBER 22, 1923

PRICE 15 CENTS



Life



THANKSGIVING

Norman Rockwell



"Dad says he doesn't know what we would do without **White Rock** Water!
It's the only thing that puts snap in what you take for that particular thirst."

White Rock Ginger Ale

Milano
Fifth Avenue's favorite Pipe

"There is something fine about it"

\$3.50 and up
at the better smoke shops

W.M. DEMUTH & CO.
NEW YORK

Philosophy of a Plain Man

I'm just a simple, natural man
And, like my dad before me,
I live as plainly as I can;
A faster life would bore me.
'Twas good enough for him; I choose
To make his creed my own.
And so, not having one, I use
My neighbor's telephone.

I loathe the trend of modern thought,
And ev'ry new invention
That impious vandal hands have
wrought
Just fills me with dissension!
New-fangled foibles pass me by—
I scorn them all: and so,
Whene'er I feel the need, I try
My neighbor's radio.

The comforts Dad enjoyed were few.
And yet, I'll stand or fall
By them—why bother with the new?
My neighbor has 'em all!

L. A. M.

THE future is what fools call to-morrow; and what wise men call to-day.

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR
INDIGESTION
25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

The Trail Blazers

THE man who had invented the best rat trap ever made, after long years of unceasing experiments, sat back in his hut deep in the woods and waited for the world to beat a path to his door.

He did not have to wait overlong. True to the prophecy of the sage, the world came. At least, part of it did, in this order:

Star salesman of the Aggressive Cheese Co.

Advertising manager of the *Rat Trap Gazette*—"Devoted to the Best Interests of the Profession."

Delegation from the Society for the Preservation of Rodents.

Game warden who wished to know whether that trap was really intended for rats.

Sob sister from the *Daily Blurb*—accompanied by photographer.

Income tax collector.

Platoon of life insurance agents.

Committee from a nearby Chamber of Commerce delegated to inform the inventor tactfully, but firmly, that his activities were bringing unfavorable publicity to a strictly high-class residential community which had always prided itself on being absolutely free from both mice and rats.

J. K. M.

All-American Officials

If All-American football players, why not All-American football officials? Rather than ask any more questions without answering them, let us plunge at once into our subject, which is "All-American Football Officials." We therefore present herewith the only official list, you might say, for 1923, together with the reasons for the individual inclusions therein:

Umpire: Moe Ginsberg; because of his brilliant open-field and cross-country running during, and after, the game between St. Ignatius College and Xavier Academy, at which he officiated.

Referee: John Bellicose; perhaps the best of that staunch band of officials who can, and so often do, stop any team's forward passes with their faces. Bellicose showed during the past season that he is especially to be depended on when the pass is made at a critical moment.

Field Judge: Peter ("Tom") Turtle; an official of refreshing radical tendencies. Once came on the field ready to start without first comparing his watch with those of all the other officials. Also, never wears white flannels in games.

Linesman: Paul Holstein; once noticed a member of the home team playing offside, and reported him. Also, apparently has a fair idea of actual length of ten yards, measured in terms of yards.

A. C. M. A.



Why try a new cigarette?

If you are wholly and perfectly satisfied with the cigarette that you are now smoking, and the container provided for it, we wouldn't want to assume the responsibility of inducing you to change.

But, on the other hand, if you feel that your present brand falls short in one way or another; or if you are annoyed by a crude and clumsy package, we venture to suggest that the Reedsdale Cigarette, in its new and improved container, may come a little nearer to your ideals.

The pleasure one might get in smoking cigarettes is halved by a misfit brand; or, to put it another way, the satisfaction that one gets from smoking a not-quite-right-for-me brand may be doubled by changing to a brand that comes closer to one's personal taste.

So the reasons for trying a new cigarette, in the case of Reedsdale, at least, are: the possibility of finding a cigarette that will give you a greater pleasure from cigarette smoking; and the probability that the new Reedsdale package will be a convenience to you, as a cigarette smoker, that will further add to your satisfaction.

Reedsdale Cigarettes are made of fine tobaccos, blended with expertness; and the Reedsdale blend, as it stands, was found to suit, better than any other, a decided majority of the large number of cigarette smokers comprising our trial jury.

The new Reedsdale package is an improved container that is unquestionably an advance in pocket containers, from the standpoint of convenience and of keeping the cigarettes in prime condition—fresh, full-flavored, uncrushed and unbroken.

Popularly priced

Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

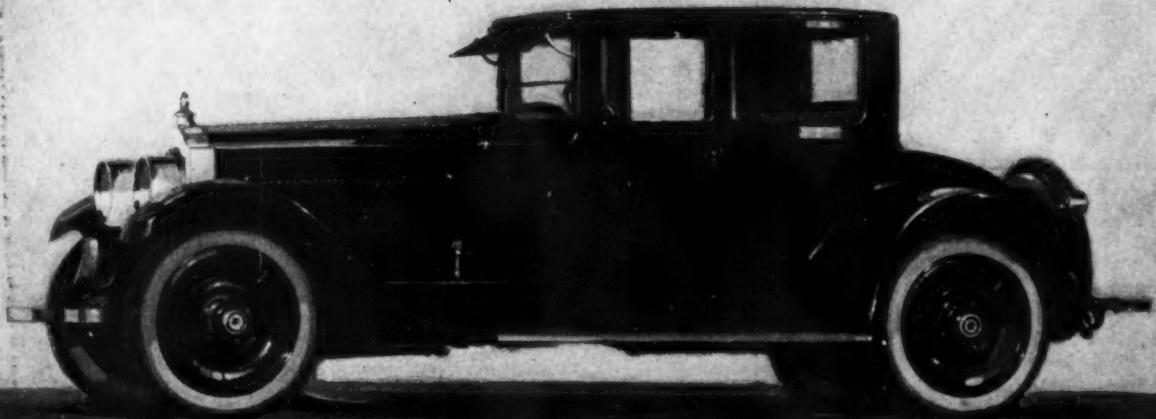
If you have any difficulty in finding them we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them, return the four remaining packages and we will refund your dollar. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 103 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber.

SINGLE-EIGHT

A New Production by

PACKARD



The Packard Single-Eight is the literal embodiment of the ultimate degree of fine motoring.

Principles never before applied to a motor car have made possible a luxury of riding, control, and perform-

ance beyond anything heretofore recorded.

It is significant that this great undertaking was in the hands of Packard engineers. In the minds of American motorists this establishes, once and for all, the high char-

acter of the achievement.

But, naturally, an advance into the higher realms of motoring so pronounced and unprecedented is difficult to describe. It is best understood only after you have had the unique experience of riding in the Single-Eight.

Packard Single-Eight Furnished in Nine Distinguished Body Types, Open and Enclosed
Packard Single-Six Furnished in Eleven Popular Body Types, Open and Enclosed

LIFE

OFTEN as one hears the heart of America spoken of, no one knows just what it is. But it's a cinch that Congress is the lungs.

Traffic warning to the Thanksgiving turkey: Dangerous Carve Ahead.

Several of the largest movie studios have decided to shut down, but that doesn't mean that any of the press agents are going to shut up.

Says Elbert H. Gary: "If you will sit down and figure up what fifty cents a day saved will amount to in twenty-five years you will be surprised." Still, that's a long time to wait for a surprise.

The skull of a man, believed to be 200,000 years old, has been found in California, and all loyal native sons are at a loss to understand how he ever happened to die.

As 15,000 British doctors have threatened to strike on January 1, the public is urged to lay in its 1924 supply of influenza now.

Ford may not run after all, but he is certainly making a tremendous rattle.

A scientist has discovered that east-bound ships are lighter than those traveling west. The opposite applies to the pocketbooks of the American tourists on board.

Wreaths of everlasting flowers, popular in the mid-Victorian era, are coming back into favor for weddings.

The movement should be prohibited at once. Weddings are much too old-fashioned as it is.

The least that can be said for New York's gunmen is that they take life seriously.

An English paper states that the British soldier had to wait a hundred and twenty-two years for a raise in pay. Thus establishing a precedent for the American soldier's bonus.

The British peerage is reported to be four hundred members short. Much uncertainty prevails as to whether this should be regarded as an asset or a liability.

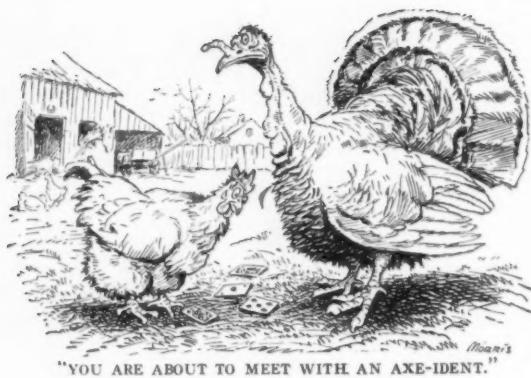
The Argentine government has decided to spend 100,000,000 gold pesos for additional armament. They are going after Dempsey in earnest this time.

The children of the new aristocracy are now asking their daddies, "What did *you* make in the Great War?"

Obviously the chief opposition to the Ford candidacy may be expected from the great silent vote.



"HE'S GOT A WONDERFUL PART FOR ME, IN A BIG BIBLE PICTURE, ALL ABOUT CAIN AND MABEL."



Ethics of Enforcement

ARE the plans complete for the New Jersey campaign?" asked the Principal Enforcement Officer.
"They are," said his subordinate.
"Have you announced in all the newspapers that we intend to conduct a series of raids?"
"Yes, sir. Here are the clippings."
"And have you given out the name of the man in charge?"
"Not only his name, but his most recent photograph."
"Is there any possibility that any one in New Jersey can have failed to hear about our plans?"
"None whatever."
"Then you may start raiding. And remember, this time I expect results."

The New-Voes Adore the Opera

THE New-Voes adore the opera.

They go every Monday.
That is, of course, during the "season."

They wouldn't dream of going, otherwise.
Certainly not!

And they have such a nice box.
It's so comfortable.

They have a bridge table in it.
And a Mah Jong set.

And all sorts of games and puzzles.
And a most appetizing buffet.

And there is always something on ice.
Something bubbly and fizzy.

Of course, it is the center of gayety.
Particularly during the middle of any opera.

And such a jolly crowd.

Every one says such amusing things.
And tells such diverting stories.

And completely drowns out the music.
Besides, they never listen, anyway.

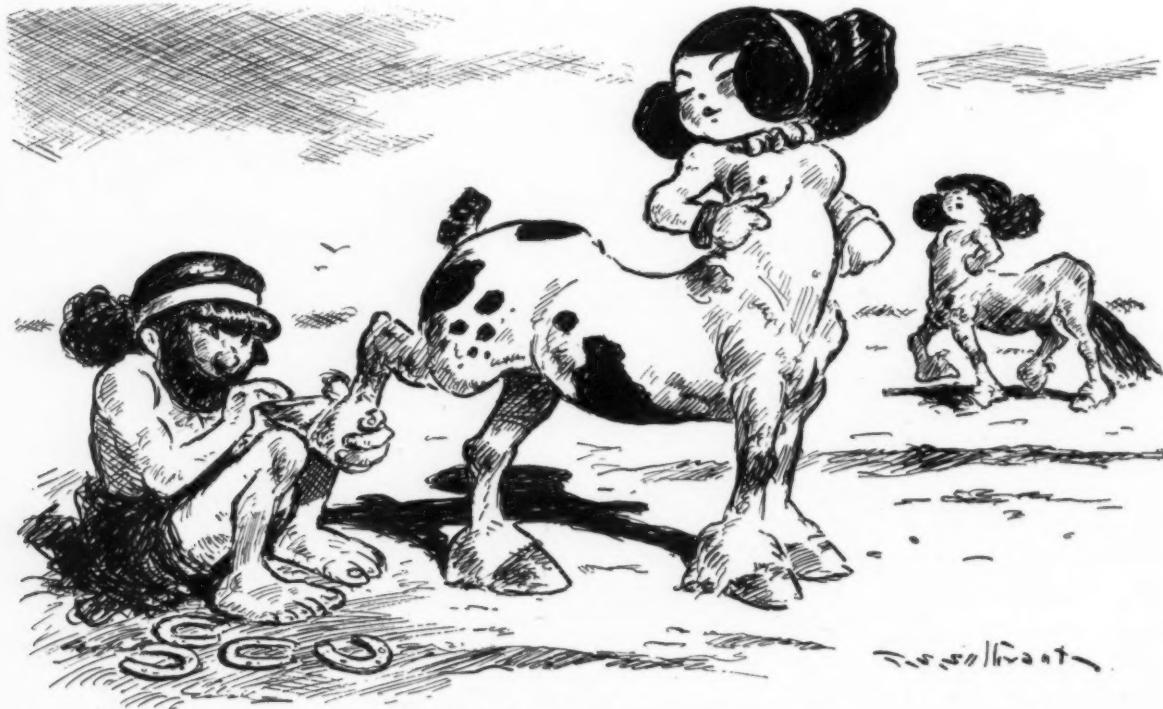
Nor do they ever have the slightest notion of what the performance is all about.

But they have such a good time.
No wonder they adore it.

They go every Monday.

C. G. S.

CAPITAL and Labor resent the idea of the public's acting as referee of their fight. They prefer it to enact the rôle of innocent bystander.



*Blacksmith: THIS SHOE FITS PERFECTLY, PERFECTLY.
Miss Centaur: THEN GIVE ME ONE TWO SIZES SMALLER.*

Time Tables
The Visit to the Doctor

8:00-8:05—Mr. Ruffles, finishing breakfast, reads item about prominent citizen dying of pneumonia. Remembers that he awoke with cold. Essays a cough. Registers mixed gratification and alarm at his success. Looks at watch and decides to stop in at doctor's before going to office.

8:30-8:40—Enters doctor's office and is ushered into reception room where two other patients are waiting. Wonders what is the matter with the fat one in black. Is sure it is nothing serious. Slightly embarrassed as she sees him looking at her. Decides it must be overeating. Wonders whether his cough is better. Clears his throat and is disappointed that it sounds no worse.

8:45—Decides to read something. Reaches for magazine on table just as woman on the other side does the same. Hastily withdraws into his chair and watches her as she takes the one he wished. Mentally notes that pretty women must be the healthiest. Never sees them in a doctor's office.

8:46—Draws deep breath and is charmed at the manner in which his lungs squeak. Is sure the doctor will be impressed. Reaches towards table again and gets magazine. Finds it is two months old and returns it. Coughs.

8:47—Gives a start when his name is spoken by attendant. Is guiltily conscious of indignant glances from the two



"NOW WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE NICE BIG CHEEKS?"
"PAPA'S A GLASS BLOWER."



Late Guest (in hotel): THASH FUNNY. I ORDERED A SINGLE ROOM AND THEY GIVE ME A DOUBLE.

women patients as he is ushered into doctor's room. Tries not to appear too brisk when he shakes hands with the physician. Endeavors to cough but his cold seems to have left him.

8:48—Doctor asks him what the trouble seems to be. Vainly attempts to remember what his alarming symptoms of the earlier morning were. Requests doctor to listen to his chest and hear how it squeaks.

8:49—Doctor asks, "Is that all?" Mr. Ruffles feels annoyed at the hint he is not in a dangerous condition but can think of nothing to add to what he has already said.

8:50—Doctor remarks genially, "Oh, you're all right, I guess. Just take one of these pills after each meal and cut out smoking."

8:51—Mr. Ruffles, after he has left, recalls symptoms which had escaped his memory. Decides to consult a better physician. Takes two pills, lights a cigar and hurries to his office.

Tracy Hammond Lewis.

Old Friends Are Passing

ONE by one, they're passing on without me,
These comrades of my youth; they leave me here,
Forlorn and lonely, trying to fight on
Without their kindly help and comfort dear.

One by one, like autumn leaves, they're falling,
As back unto their Maker they are called;
Unless God wills that they shall cease their going,
Within another year I shall be bald. G. E. B.



Slempe, C. Bascom

Secretary to the President

SOME people think that Bascom Slempe Can't fill his new position. They say he lacks the training of An old-time politician. But I, for one, am confident He will not wreck the Nation; Why, *think* of the advantage of A Coolidge education!

G. S. C.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

IT is generally agreed that I have a way with children. I think the secret lies in the fact that I treat them as equals. I do not "talk down to them," as the saying is.

Still, I must admit that it is not so easy to converse with the little toddlers as it used to be. In some cases they seem to have got a bit too completely *en rapport* with modern tendencies.

There is my niece Ethelinda, age four. She is very bright and extremely articulate, and her remarks are often what the women-folk describe as "the killingest things."

It has always been my purpose to encourage in Ethelinda her gift of original expression, so the other day, meeting her for the first time in several months, I inquired:

"And what did your dolly say when she got up this morning?"

"Nothing doing," said Ethelinda.

"What's that?"

"I said nothing doing. I'm selling my stuff now."

She left me and sat by the window, where her attitude was that of deep concentration. I turned to my sister.

"It's true," she said. "It was one of those syndicate affairs. I used to send Ethelinda's bright remarks to the papers, because they paid a dollar apiece for them. Pretty soon the syndicate man came out, and we had to sign a contract. One bright saying a day, and a child's-prattle fairy story for Sunday. And she mustn't say bright things for anybody but the syndicate. It's in the contract."

My niece came running across the room. "Get this one, Mother," she cried, "before I forget it. It's a real nifty. Listen—"

But I did not stay to hear it.

Stoddard King.

THE only difference between a secretary and a private secretary is that one knows more and tells less.



SUGGESTION FOR MAKING THE OUTER OFFICE OF A BUSY MAN MORE INTERESTING FOR THOSE WHO WAIT TO SEE HIM.



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY
THEY INVESTIGATE THE THEORY THAT "LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

*November
15th*

Lay late, pondering my exceeding forehandedness this year in ordering my Christmas presents betimes and my adroitness in having monograms on so many of them, for Lord! the egotism of mortals is such that most people would liefer have an object costing two dollars and bearing their initials than one costing twenty which lacks the personal touch. Sam tells me, moreover, that the capitalization of engraving firms is based on such psychology. I did not have the good fortune, I might add, to find any articles priced at two dollars.... Roused finally by Marge Boothby, whose will power has broken again under the strictness of her diet, and she longed to come to lunch with me on the most forbidden viands I could assemble, so I bade her come ahead, and told cook to have eggs à la Russe first and then Smithfield ham with orange confiture and plenty of noodles sauté, followed by an alligator pear salad, and Marge quoth, when she beheld the fare, Here I go—both feet in the trough! And we talked of what we could do to earn our livings if

suddenly deprived of our incomes, and Marge thinks she might make out as a manicure, but I should set up as a fortune teller and let the world beat a path to my door.

*November
16th*

A letter on the first post from Emmy Andrews, full of contumely against the Americans she encounters in her travels, and telling how one woman had halted in the Acropolis to powder her nose, which Emmy deemed a sacrilege, but I do remember thinking continually of dry cleaners whilst I was in Rome, and wondering what success they would have with the fine old dust of centuries which was daily settling deeper in my garments.... To luncheon at Maillard's with Evvy Cummings and Zella Grover, and Zella stepped first without hesitating into the motor and through all doors, explaining that she had lately come to find herself the most elderly in any given group and considered it a waste of time to back and fill until such subtleties might be deter-

(Continued on page 32)



PARADISE ENOW

"WHY IS YOU-ALL SO HAPPY?"
"DONE LOS' MAH JOB."



• LIFE •

Page Mr. Whitehead!

GREAT steps forward have been taken in the playing of auction bridge, but there still remain important gaps unbridged. Unselfish students of the game have done a great service in perfecting the bidding to the point where it is possible to estimate the character and extent of your partner's incompetence with a fair degree of accuracy. If he bids a no-trump and you hold a hundred aces and a couple of kings it is fair to assume that his mind is equally compounded of optimism and imbecility.

A double of an original heart by your partner means that you are not likely to be set more than two if you take the bit in your teeth and bid a no-trump. An original bid of two indicates that your partner learned the game in 1910 and has learned little since.

These and other matters have been cleared up and bridge has become a delightful intellectual pastime with little of the uncertainty that adds to the charm, and expense, of poker. But the etiquette of the game still requires clarifying. When your partner takes you out of a nice safe double, should you content yourself with glaring or

are you permitted to grind your teeth and mutter under your breath? The District Attorney informs us that there has been no case of trumping a partner's trick since 1917. He ascribes this improvement to the increased use of firearms. So far, however, no adequate comment has been designed to cover failure to return the partner's suit.

Above all, a suitable penalty, decapitation preferred, should be prescribed for the man who after butchering four hands in succession shakes his head mournfully and complains that he hasn't held a good hand for a week. On second thought, beheading is too swift and painless. It might be better to force him to play for the rest of his life with a partner who invariably takes out a no-trump with a weak minor suit.

A. B.

Life's Journal

L—is for Love, which begins it;
I—for the Image that bends it;
F—for the Fervor that spins it;
E—is for Eros—who ends it.

B. F.

ENGLISH as she is broken: A popular song.



*She (after tearfully reading his love-letters): AND TO—TH-TH-THINK—
THAT TWO SHORT YEARS AGO YOU WROTE ME LIKE THIS....*

*Novelist: AH — CHARMING, PERFECTLY CHARMING — WHAT DELICACY —
WHAT STYLE!*

Slants Across the Sea

What the Average American Knows About England

THAT the Prince of Wales always falls off his horse.

That the English have no sense of humor.

That they are very slow.

That their lawyers wear wigs.

That King George is only a figure-head.

That double eyeglasses are unknown, in England, and that nobody talks sense.

That the English are always drinking tea or going hunting.

That poverty is universal in England.

That London has a thick fog.

That New York City is bigger than London.

That cricket is a silly game.

What the Average Englishman Knows About America

That most Americans are uneducated.

That we live and die for money.

That we are positively at sea at a social function.

That New York's buildings are very high.

That our English is frightful.

That every American walks around with something on his hip.

That Paul Whiteman is our leading exponent of music.

That we are a nation of braggarts.

That we settle all our quarrels with a gun.

That the Ford car is very funny.

That Dr. Frank Crane is our leading writer.

That we overdo everything.

That we are not to be taken seriously.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

Exaggerations

FRESH eggs.

English mutton.

Irish bacon.

Delicious soft drinks.

Virginia ham.

Vermont turkey.

Scotch.

Paris fashions.

Fair to-morrow.

Statesmen.

The poor workingman.

You.

Me.

HOW old is that flapper?"

"In her early nicoteens."



Captain: LEND US YA CABBAGE, WILL YA, SKIPPY? WE AIN'T GOT A BALL 'N' WE WANT TO GO THROUGH SOME SIGNALS.

Skippy: SURE.



Skippy: ALL RIGHT NOW, FELLERS, IT'S GETTIN' DARK 'N' MAMA WANTS THE CABBAGE FOR SUPPER.

Skippy: I LOST THE CABBAGE! I KNEW I SHOULD'A GOT THAT HOLE IN MY POCKET FIXED.

Skippy

The First Thanksgiving

A Tale of the Pilgrims

By Newman Levy

PRAISE-God-Every-Morning-and-Night-and-Twice-on-
Alternate-Thursdays Bradford
Strolled by the peaceful Umplonkquosset's shore
With his son, young Honor-Thy-Father-and-Thy-Mother-
that-Thy-Days-May-Be-Prolonged-on-Earth, and his
daughter,
Sweet We-Shall-Chant-and-Sing-Thy-Praises-and-Thy-
Glory-Forevermore.

Then through the thicket creeps a savage chieftain,
Chief Hates-Like-Blazes-to-Be-Caught-in-the-Rain-but-
Prefers-to-Remain-Inside-Where-It's-Dry,
And drawing his bow with expert arm and skillful,
He aims at Praise-God-Every-Morning-and-Night-and-
Twice-on-Alternate-Thursdays Bradford's eye.

But, ere he sends the fatal arrow winging,
We-Shall-Chant-and-Sing-Thy-Praises-and-Thy-Glory-
Forevermore sees him through the trees.
She gives a cry and quickly trips her father,
Who drops without delay upon his knees.

He lifts his gun and aims it at the redskin,
And plugs the noble savage full of lead;
And young Honor-Thy-Father-and-Thy-Mother-that-Thy-
Days-May-Be-Prolonged-on-Earth, running forward,
Cries, "Father! you have shot Chief Hates-Like-Blazes-
to-Be-Caught-in-the-Rain-but-Prefers-to-Remain-
Inside-Where-It's-Dry dead!"

Oh, what joy, that first Thanksgiving dinner!
What happiness pervades that festal board
As Praise-God-Every-Morning-and-Night-and-Twice-on-
Alternate-Thursdays tells the story
To his loving wife, Let-Not-Thy-Heart-Envy-Sinners-
but-Be-Thou-in-Fear-of-the-Lord.

What joy, as young Honor-Thy-Father-and-Thy-Mother-
that-Thy-Days-May-Be-Prolonged-on-Earth repeats it
To his envious brother, A-Good-Name-Is-Rather-to-Be-
Chosen-Than-Great-Riches, who sits near by,
While little We-Shall-Chant-and-Sing-Thy-Praises-and-
Thy-Glory-Forevermore gets the drumstick of the
turkey
For her share in killing Big Chief Hates-Like-Blazes-to-
Be-Caught-in-the-Rain-but-Prefers-to-Remain-Inside-
Where-It's-Dry.



ENOS B. CONSTOCK

The Strange Festival

(An extract from the Journal of Marcus Polonius, a noted traveler from the planet Venus, Universe.)

IN the year 2001, I visited the Earth for antiquarian research. It was the 1st of November, and I found the people of the United States, a nation which attained some small measure of civilization as early as the first quarter of the twentieth century, celebrating a unique festival which they called Thanksgiving.

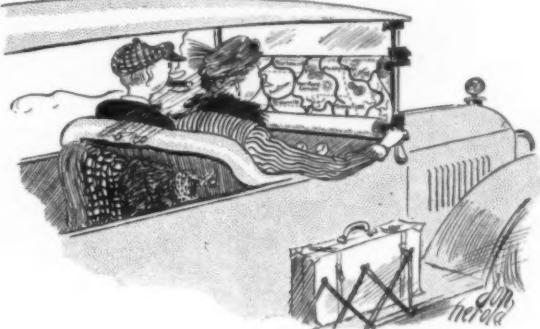
Upon that day, all inhabitants stop work, an action of which they are very fond. When I asked them why, they replied that the day was declared a holiday by presidential proclamation, nor could they give any other answer. Thereupon I visited the President and inquired the reason for his proclamation. His reply was that it was a precedent.

Going out among the commoners, I questioned, "Why Thanksgiving? For what are you thankful?" None could tell me, although some hazarded the guess that they were thankful the price of turkey, a bird on which they dine upon that occasion, had not more than doubled under the demand.

The celebration itself consisted of dancing, football games and overeating.

Persisting in my efforts to get at the bottom of the peculiar usage, I finally discovered one ancient "wise man," as the less simple earthlings are called, who gave me this information.

*Give it another turn, Louise.
We just passed Bartonsville*



FOR TOURING

A CLEVER APPLICATION OF THE ROLLER TOWEL PRINCIPLE TO A ROADMAP ATTACHMENT FOR THE WINDSHIELD.

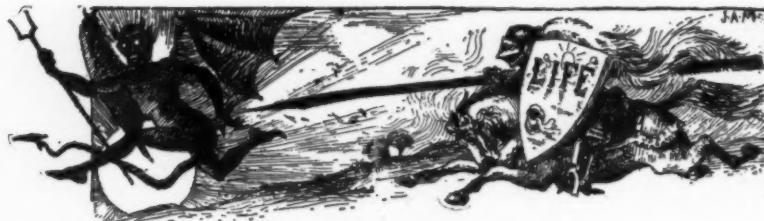
A legend had been passed down in his family through generations, he said, to the effect that upon Thanksgiving Day all the citizens were wont to attend church, there to worship and give thanks. That was all he could remember.

Curious how quickly the origin of these ancient festivals becomes shrouded in obscurity!...

Fairfax Downey.



"IF YOU *must* CRITICIZE ME IN PUBLIC, MURIEL, YOU MIGHT AT LEAST REMEMBER THAT YOU ARE A LADY—AND OMIT THE PROFANITY."



NOVEMBER 22, 1923

VOL. 82. 2142

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President LE ROY MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
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English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

ONE may observe by examination of the first newspaper he happens to pick up, the great contemporary vogue of the hold-up as a means of gathering in a bit of ready money. From the bandits who swoop down in a motor car on the men with the payroll or hold up taxicabs and loot their occupants, to M. Poincaré with his weapon pointed at the head of Europe, the game of stand and deliver is going on every day and every night, costly to the public, ruinous to the victims but lucrative enough to keep its operatives at it in spite of its risks. Hands up! says M. Poincaré to Germany, and almost, nowadays, to England. Hands up! say the Drys to the Wets, and the Ku Klux to objects of its attentions, and this or that bloc to the regular parties. It has seemed that this same command is the expression of the spirit of that section of the American Legion that wants the bonus; that the real strength of the service men who back this demand is the threat that congressmen who vote against it will have all the bonus votes against them when they come up for re-election.

That ought not to be, and those of us who care for what our men did in the war and for the reputation of the organization which claims the right to speak for them, have all along wanted to know what proportion of the men who were in our armies between 1917 and 1919 were truly represented by the leading bonus seekers. That a considerable part of them is not so represented has been evident from the start. To gain more accurate knowledge on that subject is the purpose of the Ex-

Service Men's Anti-Bonus League, established a year ago, which plans to start on November 15 a drive for membership, which, for a beginning, shall demonstrate to Congress that the majority of service men in the country are not in favor of bonus legislation for the able-bodied.

This movement is a consequence of the success of the directing minds of the American Legion in committing that organization to the bonus idea. That success the anti-bonus veterans say has cost the Legion half a million members, and they profess to be sure that a majority of the four million service men in the country are not in favor of a bonus.

If this assertion can be proved it will be very helpful in taking the scare out of bonus demands and leaving the question of what the taxpayers owe the ex-soldiers to be decided on its merits.



THERE is a story in the New Testament of a debtor who had business troubles of some kind and instead of going into bankruptcy and reaching a profitable settlement, as one might suppose had been the custom in Palestine, was dragged to his creditor a ruined man to be dealt with. His creditor, however, when he begged for mercy, took pity on him and let him off of his debts and sent him away. But what then did this person do, forthwith, to another unfortunate who owed him a much less sum? Did he pass on to him the mercy that had been shown to himself? Alas no. He had the law on to him to the last statute and was harrowing him by all means then permitted when his proceedings came to

the ears of his late creditor. It did not please that magnanimous person that his generosity should have been so ill bestowed and he dropped on his debtor like a brick house, committing him to proper officers of the law who should give him his deserts.

How familiar the present French government may be with Scripture one cannot say, but M. Poincaré gives no evidence of ever having heard of this New Testament story. France is really under considerable obligation to the rest of the world and in particular to certain nations which by large expenditure of life, energy and treasure unquestionably rescued her from political obliteration. Of this obligation she must be aware, yet in dealing with her debtor her present government seems to make small account of it. An effort is now proceeding to bring it to her attention. Let us all promote it as far as we can. This country is particularly friendly to France and wishes to promote her prosperity and security in all respects. It even wants her to get her dues from Germany and will help her about that if she gives it a chance, but it is not likely ever to be of much assistance to her in any effort to produce chaos in Middle Europe. The objection to her present policies is that they lead directly back to war. If, after being rescued at such vast cost from destruction by Germany, she insists that Germany must be destroyed, it means loss of sympathy for her, increase of sympathy for Germany, and a new line-up. France can no more be allowed to destroy Germany than Germany to destroy France.

Doubtless if the parable above were brought to the attention of M. Poincaré he would say that if England and the United States would forgive France her money debts to them, he would see about letting up on Germany.

Very well. If there is a conference, let that be discussed too. But, meanwhile, neither Great Britain nor the United States is pressing France for payment nor suggesting occupation of any of her territory.

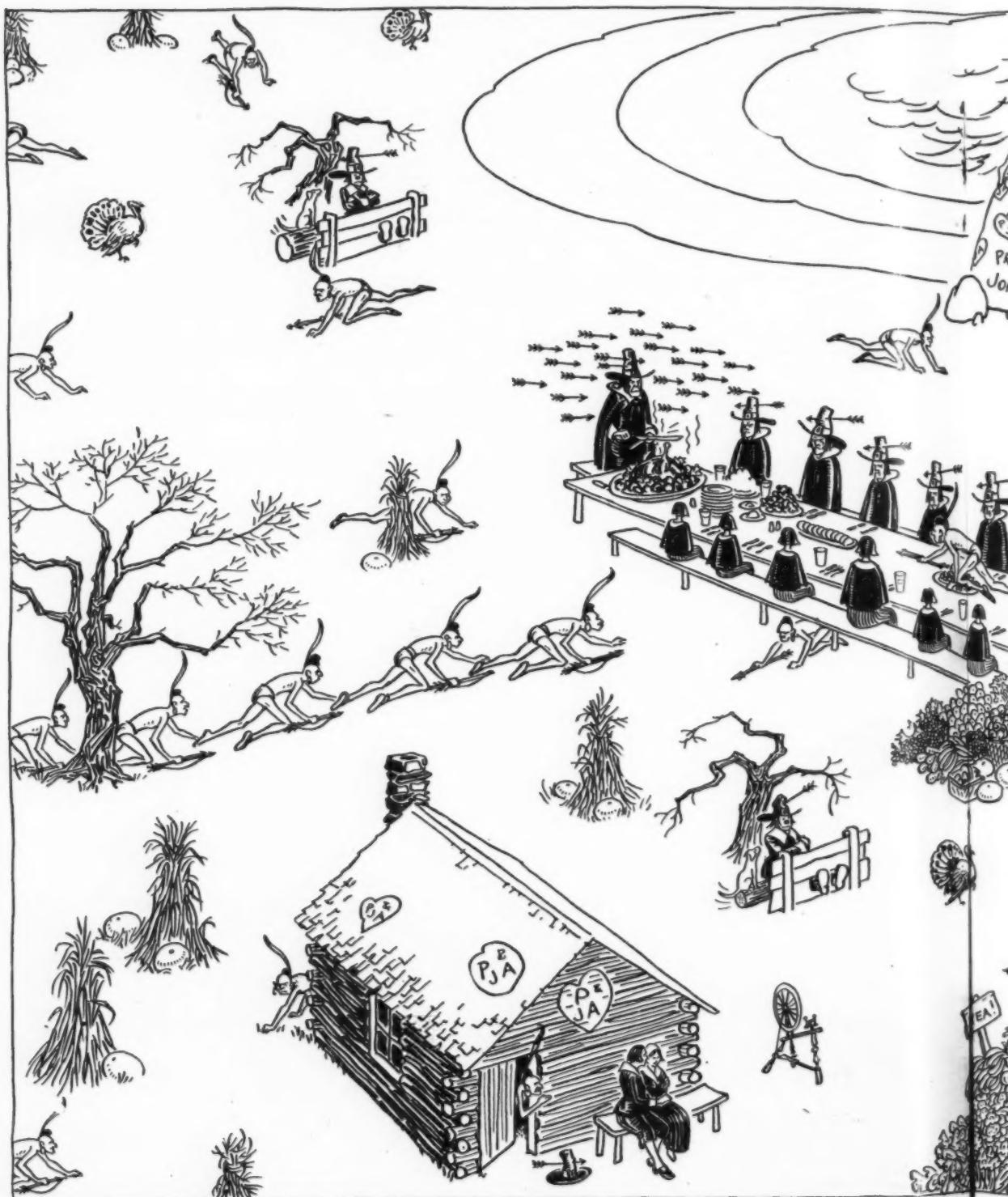
If it were made plain that the peace of Europe could be restored by cancellation of the debts owed by European governments to the United States such cancellation could probably be effected. But, up to the present time, no such assurance has been visible.

E. S. Martin.



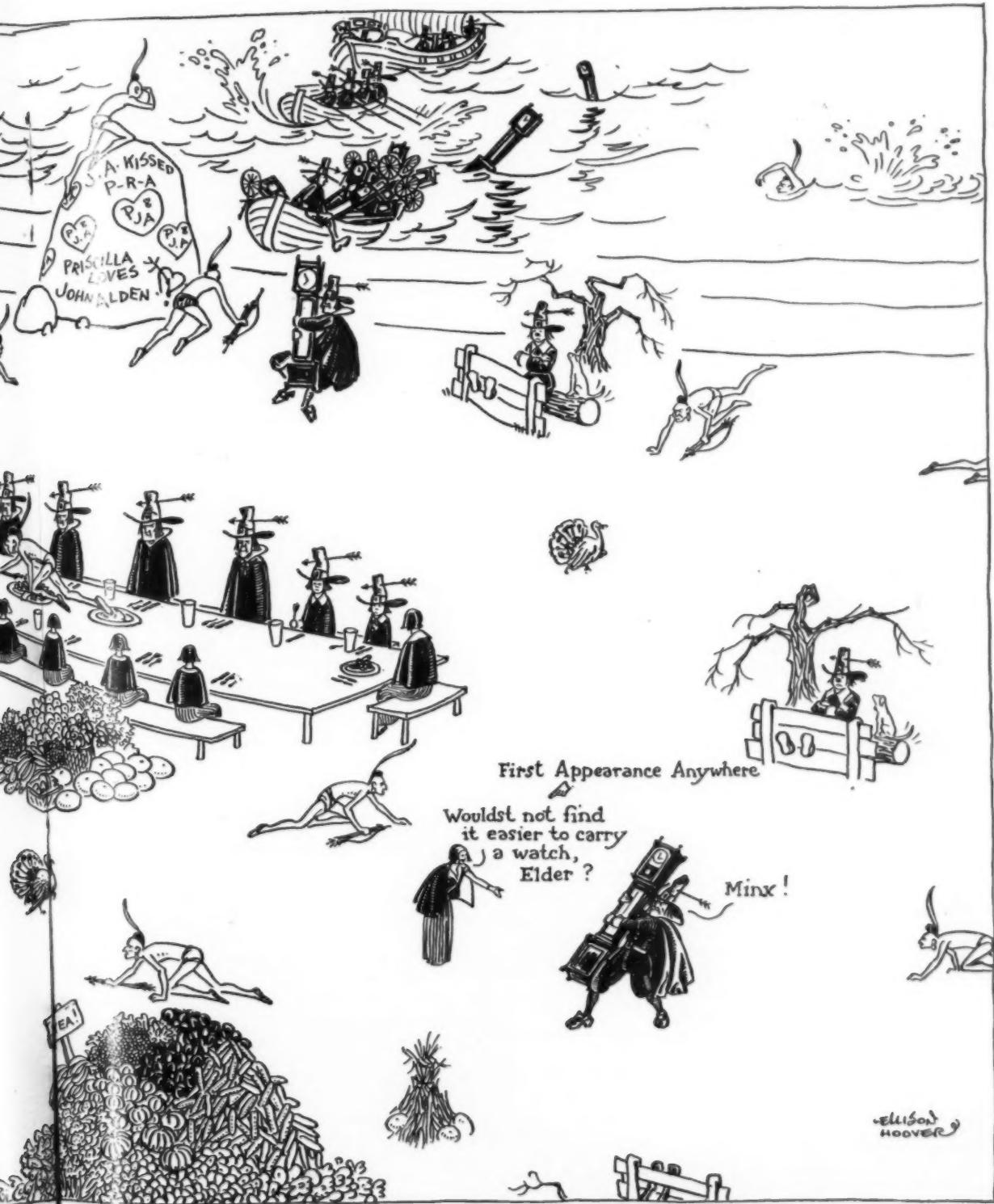
"FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE—"

LIFE



Ye Compleat Than

LIFE



plete Thanksgiving



This, and Perhaps That

WHENEVER it is announced (and it usually is announced months ahead) that some great-hearted manager is going to revive an old stage classic, we usually write our review on the afternoon of the performance calling it "a praiseworthy venture reflecting great credit on Mr. Dotted-line," and do our sleeping at home that evening. And "great credit" is usually about all that the manager gets out of it, too.

It gives us great pleasure, therefore, to announce this evening that Walter Hampden has revived "Cyrano de Bergerac," and has not only revived it but has got it up on both feet where it is going through all the preliminary motions of being what is known on Broadway as a "wow." This is doubtless because "Cyrano," in contrast with most revivals, is a good show.

But the fact that it is a box-office success should not do Mr. Hampden out of the "great credit" which is usually bestowed on a classic flop. He took a big chance, giving the play a splendid production in the face of what seemed to be a growing public indifference to revivals. His own performance of *Cyrano* is, naturally, of the best, and Miss Carroll McComas as *Roxane* is a worthy lady for so tempestuous a gentleman. Is it possible that in Mr. Hampden and his excellent company we really have the makings of that mythical repertory theatre which has hitherto existed only in the flimsy of the press-agent? "Cyrano" is certainly a good start.



"THE DEEP TANGLED WILDWOOD" begins with a Winchell Smith dress-suit finish and shows what happens to the little country village after the dye-works have made it into a prosperous boom-town. The hero, sick of New York, where people miss the real things of life in a mad scramble for superficial pleasure, seeks succor in his old home-town of Millersville, only to find the natives very busy imitating New York. The orchard, the meadow and the deep tangled wildwood are gone and in their places are the Rialto, the Lotus Club, and Aunt Sarah's mansion, which is the center of the cocktail and roulette activities of God's green footstool. The only simple, unaffected girl in town is from New York, and the final curtain falls with the hero picturing to her their future home which will look out over the green trees and shimmering waters of Central Park.

With such a delectable idea back of it, and the many soul-satisfying laughs which the Messrs. Kaufman and Connally have inserted in the dialogue, "The Deep Tangled Wild-

wood" cannot help being a comedy far above the average, but there is a constant feeling throughout that it ought to have been much better. There are several unworthy hops into farce and much of the burlesque is dumped into the action like a load of coal on the lawn. James Gleason is, as always, an easy and believable hero, and Denman Maley, with his few minutes of radio-work, and Ralph Sipperly as the "Morris Gest of Millersville," are ideal Kaufman-Connally material, but, on the whole, the production is second-rate and lacks the smooth sophistication of the idea which is back of it. Even as it stands, however, we are grateful for the idea and for the laughs.



"SHUFFLE ALONG" began a series of Negro shows of varying degrees of merit but all suffering from a perverted ambition to be Broadway instead of Negro. "Runnin' Wild," the latest in the list, still has the Broadway urge, but as Mr. George White has taken it in charge, it is nearer to good Broadway than any of its predecessors. Messrs. Miller and Lyles, the comedians of "Shuffle Along," are the stars of the new show, and their comedy, while still in the Neo-Pleistocene stage, seems a little more advanced than formerly. In short, "Runnin' Wild" is certainly better than any of "Shuffle Along's" imitators, and in its presentation and smoothness is better even than the original article.



ALTHOUGH vaudeville is somewhat out of our province, the return of Cissie Loftus to this country is legitimate material for comment in any space devoted to the theatre. With the exception of the work of our own Elsie Janis, the art of impersonation has fallen into a low state on our stage. This cannot be due to any lack of public enthusiasm for it, as Miss Janis's *Sam Bernard* and *Eddie Foy* still rock the house whenever they are offered, even after all these years, and Julius Tannen would unquestionably find himself showered with gold pieces and floral offerings if he were to utilize his uncanny talents in this field for the public benefit. It must be, therefore, that it is a particularly difficult thing to do well; otherwise there would be more people doing it.

Miss Loftus, consequently, finds the field just about as wide open for her as it was when she left it. And certainly, while she is here, we may expect no newcomers hardy enough to enter in competition.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Casanova. Empire—Love-making de luxe, with costumes to match. Lowell Sherman up.

Chains. Playhouse—A straightforward handling of the problem of what to do with the child's mother.

Children of the Moon. Comedy—Hereditiy made into a drama that is not without its thrills.

The Crooked Square. Hudson—Thousands and thousands of very elegant words about the difficulty of going straight in New York.

The Cup. Fulton—To be reviewed later.

Cyrano de Bergerac. National—Reviewed in this issue.

The Dancers. Broadhurst—Richard Bennett in a generally effective rearrangement of the old tricks.

Duse Repertory. Century—"La Porta Chiusa," Tuesday and Friday matinees.

Grand Guignol. Fropic—French shockers in French.

The Lullaby. Knickerbocker—Florence Reed making a very facilius-descensus, and not having a half-bad time of it, either.

Moscow Art Theatre. Fifty-Ninth St.—A return engagement for four weeks of Russia's remarkable group of players.

The Player Queen and The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet. Neighborhood—Any one fond enough of the theatre to go down to Grand Street for it will enjoy this.

Queen Victoria. Forty-Eighth St.—To be reviewed later.

Rain. Maxine Elliott's—Just a year old and no indications of letting go.

Scaramouche. Moroso—Extra-special romanticism, with Sidney Blackmer wielding the rapier.

The Shame Woman. Princess—Sex life in the backwoods.

Seventh Heaven. Booth—Vanilla-flavored drama, accompanied by acting.

Tarnish. Belmont—A good play, well done.

White Cargo. Greenwich Village—To be reviewed next week.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic—America's favorite comedy, which accounts for the number of shaved necks on the streets.

Aren't We All? Gaiety—Light and entertaining britishing, with Cyril Maude.

The Camel's Back. Vanderbilt—To be reviewed next week.

The Changelings. Henry Miller's—Good fare, served by a distinguished cast which includes Henry Miller, Blanche Bates, Ruth Chatterton and Laura Hope Crews.

Chicken Feed. Little—Staple comedy, dealing with wives and husbands.

The Deep Tangled Wildwood. Frazee—Reviewed in this issue.

For All of Us. Forty-Ninth St.—William Hodge being kindly.

In Love with Love. Ritz—Amus'ng courting of Lynn Fontanne by several young men.

A Lesson in Love. Thirty-Ninth St.—Emily Stevens and William Faversham in something above the average.

A Love Scandal. Ambassador—To be reviewed next week.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. Belasco—Last week of Mrs. Fiske in this play. Don't miss her.

The Nervous Wreck. Sam H. Harris—A noisy and unaccountably amusing farce, with Otto Kruger and June Walker.

Nobody's Business. Klaw—Francine Larrimore as the young girl who comes to New York, etc.

Spring Cleaning. Eltinge—To be reviewed next week.

The Swan. Cort—A delightful play, with Eva Le Gallienne and an excellent company.

The Whole Town's Talking. Bijou—Grant Mitchell in rough-and-tumble.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Adrienne. George M. Cohan's—Typical musical comedy, with Richard Carle and Billy B. Van.

Artists and Models. Shubert—The name describes it. Frank Fay and Harry Kelly.

Battling Butler. Selwyn—Moderately amusing, with one or two good tunes. Charles Ruggles and William Kent.

Greenwich Village Follies. Winter Garden—More entertaining, but less spectacular than in former years. Florence Mills has been added.

Helen of Troy, N. Y. Times Square—Good musical entertainment.

Little Jessie James. Longacre—One good tune.

Little Miss Bluebeard. Lyceum—Irene Bordoni.

The Magic Ring. Liberty—For Mitzi-lovers.

Music Box Revue. Music Box—A couple of eyefuls, including Frank Tinney in a Boy Scout suit.

Poppy. Apollo—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields in a hit.

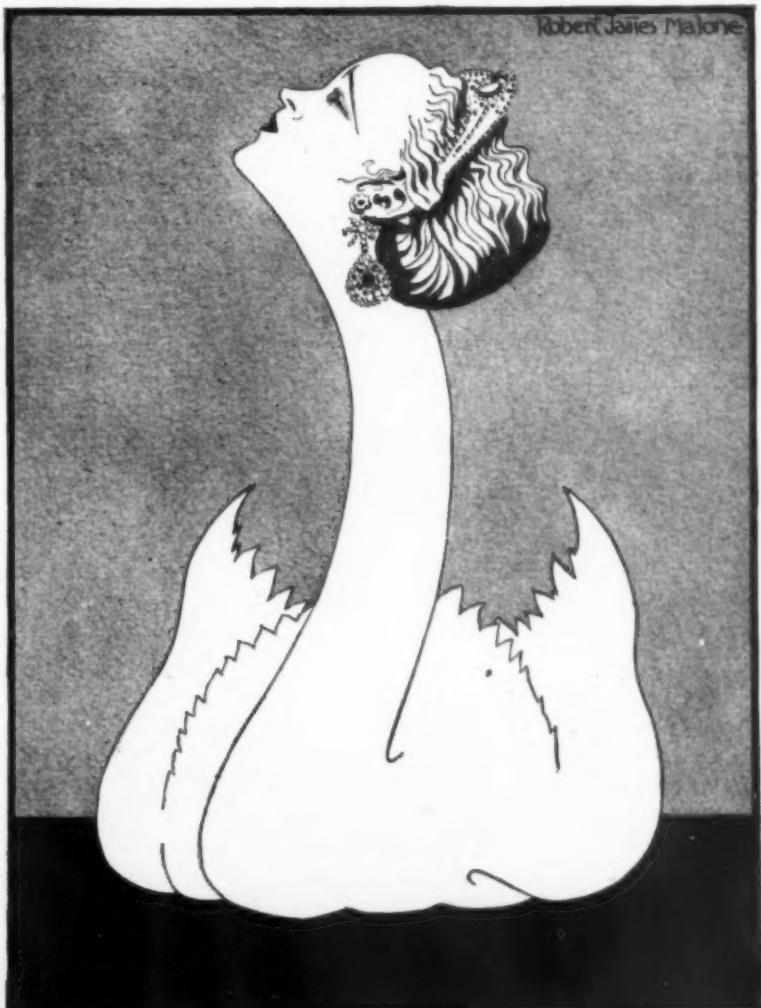
Runnin' Wild. Colonial—Reviewed in this issue.

The Stepping Stones. Globe—To be reviewed next week.

Vanities of 1923. Earl Carroll—Good all-around review, containing Joe Cook.

Wildflower. Casino—You know the music.

Ziegfeld Follies. New Amsterdam—A better show than it was at first.



EVA LE GALLIENNE AS THE SWAN IN "THE SWAN"

· LIFE ·

An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving Dinner

By Henry William Hanemann

BILL," said the Little Woman, just like that, "how would you like to have an old-fashioned Thanksgiving on Great-uncle Gooben's farm?"

"Great!" said I. "I haven't been on a farm since I planted—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted my treasure. "Don't start in on that summer in Virginia again. But let's run up to Uncle's for Thanksgiving, and treat ourselves to some real, rustic simplicity. We'll go to bed early and we'll get up early and take long walks in the bare, brown woods. And Bill—think of that Thanksgiving dinner—turkey, cranberry jelly, candied sweet potatoes, pumpkin pie..."

"Oh, all right," said I, to make a long argument short.

* * *

Nobody met us when we popped off the train. At the farmhouse, Great-uncle Gooben made the reason apparent. "Sorry I couldn't meet you children," he announced amiably enough, "but the dern loud-speaker on the radio went wrong and I've been all morning fixin' it."

Well, as the Little Woman says, you have to expect a

radio anywhere, these days. But we registered another shock when Great-aunt Gooben came in and borrowed a cigarette. "What's on for to-night, Alfred?" she inquired, casually. "Hope you children brought your evening things," she added.

"Kinda slow doin's to-night, Ma," replied her simple rustic spouse. "Just a midnight roulette rally forty mile down the road to the Cackleberrys."

Then George Gooben rushed in with the pleasing announcement that the bootlegger had been and gone. Several cocktails were immediately downed on the strength of it. You couldn't let the stuff stand too long, they explained, or you couldn't tell what it might do.

We learned further from Gladys Gooben that we were signed up to play the part of a camel in a Community Pagan Rout on Friday night. Great-aunt said we must stay for it, as she was going as Mae Murray.

"What price your bare, brown, quiet rambles and early bed-time?" I asked the Little Woman in an off moment between cocktails.

(Continued on page 29)



"HERE'S AN AMAZING THING! DID YOU READ, GRANDMA, OF THE FARMER IN LONG ISLAND WHO JUMPED OFF THE ROOF OF HIS BARN, THEN TRIED TO BURN HIMSELF UP IN A HAYSTACK, AND WAS CAUGHT LATER IN HIS CELLAR WITH A SHOTGUN IN HIS MOUTH TRYING TO PULL THE TRIGGER WITH HIS TOE?"

"THE IDEA! A GROWN MAN GOING ON LIKE THAT. MARK MY WORDS, HE'LL INJURE HIMSELF YET IF HE ISN'T CAREFUL!"



LET'S BE THANKFUL

· LIFE ·
Broadcastings

By Montague Glass

SPEAKING from its threshold, old age, it seems to me, is made much worse by the respect in which it is held. I should imagine that the man of seventy misses a great many good stories that way. So live your old age as not to be a curb upon the conversation of your juniors, and while you may not enjoy their respect, as the phrase has it, you will continue to enjoy their Scotch when yours is gone. In short, if an elderly man enjoys the respect of his juniors, the pleasure is all his, and none of it theirs.

* * *

ART flourishes in bad climates. "The weather, which is the constant preoccupation of the Philistine, was bad," says Theophile Gautier in his "Paris Besieged," and forthwith writes most beautifully of a journey to the ramparts. In the decade from 1900 to 1910, the worst sleet storms of the winter were reserved for the evenings when that perfect ensemble, the Kneisel Quartette, played in Mendelssohn Hall, and nobody stayed at home. In certain other parts of the country the climate is so equable that in midwinter a scattered handful of people attend the open air organ recitals in the public parks, and it never rains upon the competing throngs who wait in line without overcoats for the second show of "Should Married Men Behave?" in six reels, an art-plus picture. Perhaps the reason why moving pictures are so bad is that the climatic conditions under which they make them are so good.

* * *

DR. MAURICE PARMELEE says in his book, "Personality and Conduct," that as most alcoholic beverages are either bitter or sour, they are therefore obnoxious until a special taste is acquired. It is hardly necessary to say that the same claim is not made for coffee, which is bitter, or pickles, which are sour. There seems

to be no end to the variety of flavors which cooks, soda clerks and candy manufacturers conceive as appealing to the human palate. At one of the hotels where I had the misfortune to be staying last summer, the poultry dressing possessed a synthetic flavor of carbolic acid, produced by the mixture of certain spices. Then again there is the story of the waiter making up the bill in the London restaurant.

"Let me see, sir," he said, "did you have tomato soup or pea soup?"

"I don't know what it was," the customer replied. "It tasted of soap."

"Then that would be the tomato soup, sir," the waiter said affably. "The pea soup tasted of paraffin."

* * *

AN analysis of one of our most virulent popular songs shows that the refrain is made up of equal parts Hallelujah Chorus from "The Messiah," "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls"—the phrase beginning, "And I also dreamt, which charmed me most"—"The Quilting Party," and traces of other melodic ingredients. All this is no doubt due to the composer's unconscious cerebration of familiar tunes and quite squares up with the liberal ethics of Tin Pan Alley. An entirely different state of affairs is revealed by the "original" story which appeared in the columns of one of our superior radical weeklies, whose editors were obliged in the very next issue to acknowledge that it had been lifted bodily from a volume published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. It reminds me of a story quoted in Arthur Sturges Hildebrand's "Blue Water" to the effect that two broom peddlers were comparing business conditions.

"I don't see 'ow you can afford to sell them brooms for a shilling," one of them said. "I'd lose money on them at

(Continued on page 31)



The Evening Nap

OH, but it's good at the close of day
To nap for a wink or two,
And just for a moment slip away
To the land where dreams come true.
To drift away on the sea of dreams
Where hopes and worries blend
In a rosy glow, and all one's dreams
Lead straight to the rainbow's end.

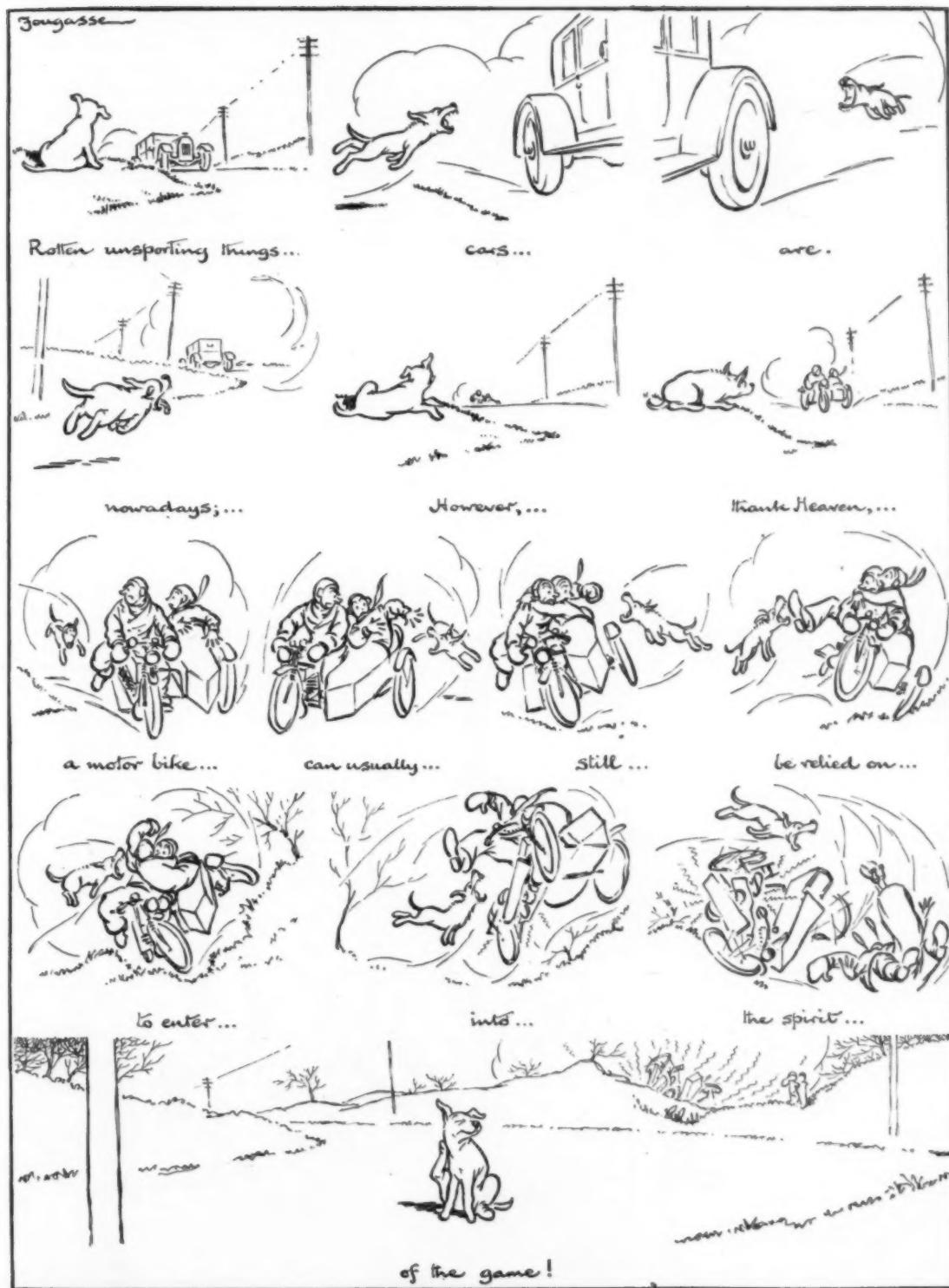
And then to wake as the train slows down.
And the station lamps glide by.
To see the lights of your own home town
Like flowers in the evening sky.
To hear a voice from the waiting car,
And be kissed as you drive away
To the house on the hill where the children are.
Oh, it's good at the close of day.

George S. Chappell.



LIFE

23



THE PUP THAT WANTED TO PLAY



SOMETHING ROOMY IN THE WAY OF A CAR

The Post-Graduate Course

THE intricacies and traps of the State Automobile Bureau's examination for a driver's license were like so much apple pie to Jones. He loathed apple pie; but on occasion he could simulate a liking for it. This happened to be an occasion.

Whenever the examiner ordered him to turn a corner, he was careful to hold out a signaling hand. Commanded suddenly to pull up to the curb, Jones watched earnestly for treacherous fire hydrants and shied more than the required ten feet from the nearest one. The darn things were sneaky, too; jumped from place to place; hid behind lamp-posts and trickily tried to catch you unawares.

By dint of intense concentration and a minor financial transaction, he passed the tests and was rewarded with an oblong diploma entitling him to be insulted by traffic policemen whenever and wherever it was unnecessary. At all other times he was merely liable to arrest.

So it was in great triumph that Jones drove his new car home; and in even greater triumph that he burst into his house and held the precious card on high. He might have started on low, but, of course....

Mary had visitors; those Morenton people, awful *poseurs*, which made the sweets all the sweeter.

"Let's all go for a ride," Jones suggested. "Come on; I'll drive out in the country a bit."

"But the examination, dear," Mary protested as she ran for her hat. "Was it hard?"

"Got a license to drive?"
A nod sufficed.

"Well, I dunno how they ever let boobs like you get by," the policeman informed him kindly. "Maybe you'll explain it to the judge. I dunno the answer."

"Why, what have I done?" Jones inquired anxiously.

"Just parked your car right in front of a fire hydrant, that's all," said the officer. "What's your name?"

James K. McGuinness.

Coming!

THE students of St. Andrews, having listened to Sir J. M. Barrie speak on the beauties of "Courage," and Mr. Kipling on the value of independence, are now looking forward eagerly to the following treats:

1924—Mr. G. B. Shaw on "Modesty."

1925—Mr. H. G. Wells on "Chastity."

1926—Mr. Sinclair Lewis on "Humility."

FARMER: What you restin' for?

Hired Man: It ain't for; it's from.



EARLY MORNING SCENE IN A NEWSPAPER COMIC STRIP DEPARTMENT

The Meaning of Thanksgiving

A Symbolic Play in One Kindly Act

THIS sprightly little farce is especially suitable for presentation at the Thanksgiving exercises of any kind of school—Sunday, public, normal or subnormal. No elaborate costumes are necessary; the girls wear regular evening dresses of any material, if it's velvet, and the Louis XIV uniforms of the boys may be hired from a costumer.

The stage setting is equally simple, representing a portion of a stern and rockbound coast, complete with breaking waves dashing high; just such a New England landscape as might be seen from the Mayflower, or any Fall River boat.

The characters are as follows:

CAPT. MILES STANDISH, U. S. A.

CAPT. JOHN SMITH, U. S. B.

LIEUT. JOHN ALDEN, U. S. C.

PRISCILLA, their sister.

POCAHONTAS, his aunt.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING, her cousin.

When the pianist has finished her execution of "The Jolly Blacksmith," the curtain will wiggle and then stick. This gives a splendid opportunity to push the Spirit of Thanksgiving in front of the footlights.

SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING: (*Silence.*)

PROMPTER (*off stage*): I am—!

SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING: Oh, yes. Yam the Sprituvthanksgivin—uvthanksgivin—I—I— (*Exit weeping.*)

The curtain has been fixed by now, and it opens, disclosing PRISCILLA sitting before a spinning wheel.

PRISCILLA: Forty on the red—on the red—forty on the red. (*The wheel stops spinning.*) Ah ha, little marble! I certainly do spin a wicked roulette.

Enter MILES STANDISH and JOHN ALDEN.

PRISCILLA: Hello, boys! How are you?

MILES STANDISH (*speaking with difficulty through his false beard*): Blime fine!

PRISCILLA: Speak for yourself, John.

JOHN ALDEN: Well, I'm fine too, if it comes to that.

MILES STANDISH: They got a swell picture of us landing in the news reel, down at the here, now, Palace. How about going to see it?

PRISCILLA: Good stuff! We'll be in time for the second show. Get your gun, John. (*Johnny gets his gun. Exeunt, singing, "Plymouth Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."*)

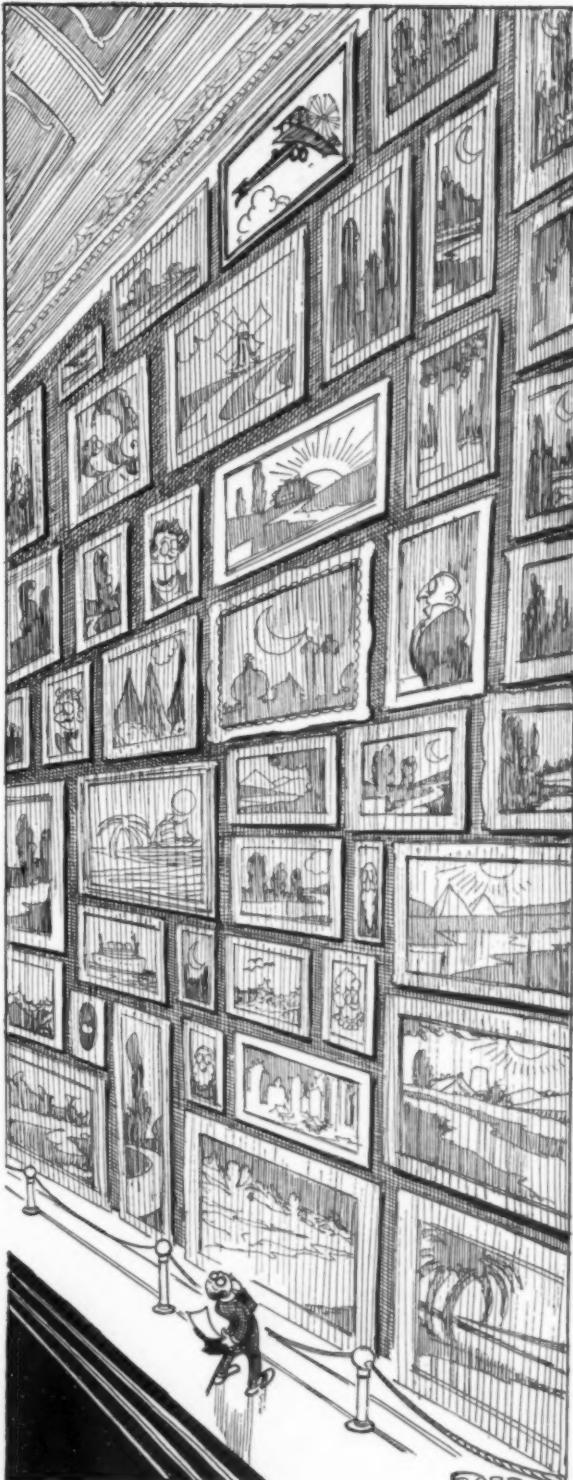
Enter POCAHONTAS and JOHN SMITH.

POCAHONTAS: No, Captain Smith. I want a man for a husband that does things. Like Walt Raleigh, for instance; there's a he-man for you. Discovers tobacco, and all you and your brother can do is invent a cough drop. Sorry, but all I can be is a sister to you.

JOHN SMITH: Absolutely, Pocahontas?

POCAHONTAS: Positively, Captain Smith!

A dance may be introduced here, and after the encore, individuals personifying George Washington, D. C., Labor, the Lincoln Highway, the Rolls-Royce trademark, Music, and the Gold Dust Twins enter and group around the American flag in an allegorical tableau. This brings the "entertainment," and this description of it, to an end just in time, or even a little later than that. *A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.*



*Young Artist (whose work has been skied): H'M,
THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR SPECIALIZING IN AEROPLANES.*



Blind Hope

JUST as I was about to prepare the Silent Drama page which should have appeared in last week's issue of LIFE, a dispatch bearer came galloping into the office with news that Famous Players-Lasky had decided to shut down their studios, and that various other big producing companies had followed suit.

Taking this announcement at its face value, I came to the conclusion that the motion picture industry had stopped ticking and that it was therefore unnecessary for me to write any more movie reviews. So I gently drew a veil over my typewriter and went out to seek a job as Radio Critic.

NOW it seems that the Famous Players' biggest close-up is only temporary, that they have enough pictures on hand to continue their releasing schedule until March 1, and that there will be no shortage of films from any source whatsoever.

Consequently, this department will continue until further notice.

"The Fighting Blade"

I AM glad that I wasn't compelled to end it all before I had a chance to review Richard Barthelmess's latest product, "The Fighting Blade," because it is one romantic melodrama that I can recommend without the slightest effort.

"The Fighting Blade" concerns itself with the period in English history when Oliver Cromwell and his Puritanical followers were ousting the courtly cavaliers from the seat of government. Young Mr. Barthelmess appears as a Dutch adventurer who joins Cromwell's cohorts and does somewhat more than his bit for the cause of liberty.

It has been generally, and erroneously, believed that Richard Barthelmess could impersonate nothing but brow-beaten boys of the *Tol'able David* type, but here in "The Fighting Blade" he proves that he can dash with the best of them. When he pierces an unfortu-

nate opponent with his rapier, the blade goes in through the chest and comes out at the back. He leaves no room for doubt as to the decisiveness of his thrusts. The story gives him plenty of opportunity for fast action, particularly in its later reels. The early stages of the picture are clogged unnecessarily with reading matter, but after all the sub-titles have been removed from its chest, it steps out and moves fast.

John S. Robertson directed "The Fighting Blade" and managed to make it pictorially beautiful and atmospherically correct without the use of any colossal mobs or overpowering sets.

It is a relief to find that a costume drama can be produced with a comparatively small cast; I have always wondered why movie directors seem to believe that there were a great many more people around in the old days than there are now.

"Richard the Lion-Hearted"

INCONSISTENT though it may be, I must criticize "Richard the Lion-Hearted" for the same reason that I praised the "The Fighting Blade."

It is a sequel to "Robin Hood," filling a gap which existed in that story while *King Richard* was away on the First Crusade. It picks up the story after the *Earl of Huntingdon* returned to England, continuing on with *Richard* into the Holy Land and relating his adventures in that eventful district.

For this reason, "Richard the Lion-Hearted" must inevitably be compared with "Robin Hood," and because it falls far short in the extent of its pageantry and spectacular qualities, it seems a rather feeble imitation. Aside from the sterling performance of Wallace Beery, who continues in his rôle of *Richard*, there is nothing in the production that quite rings true.

Mr. Beery, however, is in himself worth a great deal of attention, and if one can concentrate on him (a none too arduous task) and forget about his surroundings, one will find a vast amount of rugged strength in "Richard the Lion-Hearted."

"Unseeing Eyes"

STRAIGHT from the ice-box comes "Unseeing Eyes," the most frigid picture that has been exhibited since "Nanook of the North."

It is a stalwart melodrama, charged with emotions that are as flamingly hot as the snowy background is cold. Although the characters in the piece are covered with icicles, they manage to keep their passions at the boiling point. In spite of their arctic exteriors, they are evidently 120° warmer inside.

"Unseeing Eyes" includes much gorgeous photography, and a number of terrifying brawls between Lionel Barrymore and Louis Wolheim. It is ideal entertainment for a hot day—if you can find one.

Robert E. Sherwood.



WALLACE BEERY AS
Richard the Lion-Hearted



Now within the reach of every smoker Famous PALL MALLS—*new size 20 for 30¢*



*Try them tonight
for your Luxury Hour*

—that easy chair hour
when every man feels
entitled to life's best

PALL MALL Specials
New size—plain ends only
20 for 30¢

No change in size or price
of PALL MALL Regulars
[cork tip]



Incomparable Pall Mall! For years, in its famous red and gold box, it has been the inseparable companion of tobacco connoisseurs.

Men with a taste for life's better things have gladly paid "a shilling in London—and a quarter here" for ten Pall Malls—and considered the purchase the best cigarette buy.

But increased manufacturing efficiency has performed a new miracle. It has produced a new Pall Mall value—20 Pall Mall Specials for 30c. The

same regal quality cigarette—slightly smaller in girth, but with plain ends *only*, and with the inimitable Pall Mall Turkish excellence left intact.

For you who have forgotten the taste of superlative Turkish tobacco, here's a real treat—at a purse-easy price.

Try these new size Pall Malls tonight—20 cigarettes for 30c—when your smoke-taste is keenest, and you've the time to relish each whiff. Soon you'll be smoking them exclusively.

20 for 30¢

WEST OF THE ROCKIES 20 for 35¢



Corona-Corona

"Bring me," said the profiteer to his butler, as he strutted on his terrace, "one o' them there Coronas—the longest I've got, mark yer! One they can see from the road!"—*Bystander (London)*.

Poor Teacher!

"Any abnormal children in your classes?" asked the inspector.

"Yes," replied the school marm sadly, "two of them have good manners."

—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

"WELL, how is your son getting along with his studies to be a doctor?"

"Thank you for asking, my friend; he can already cure very small children."

—*Strix (Stockholm)*.

AMERICAN IN FRANCE (meeting a noted Frenchwoman): *Madame, je suis très charmant.*—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern*.



"How long have you been married?"

"Twenty years. Nine, three and eight at a stretch."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Influence of the Missionary

West African letter received by a firm of educational publishers:

Yours name has been admired to me by one of my favourite comrades that you are one of the most manufacture here & this dawned upon my heart with gladness. I had wrote you about some list. But in order you failed. Why you done so. Even at all. You dont remember Our Lord or think about St. Matthew Chapter 7 verse 6 to reply to my letter. Because you see that I am a black man therefore you disobey me. Why you done so. But I got nothing to say to you. But only my best charity to you & your company. God save us in the world & God bless your company too. Oh Dear how sweet is in the world & when we meet we shall meet at Heaven;

Good morning too to you my Dear brother in the world. God save the King too.

—*London Daily News*.

The Worst Feature

"Did you hear about Willard, the bank cashier, stealing fifty thousand and running away with his friend's wife?"

"Good heavens! Who'll teach his Sunday school class to-morrow?"

—*American Legion Weekly*.

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**An Old-Fashioned Thanks-
giving Dinner**

(Continued from page 20)

"Oh, well," she whispered back,
"there's still those country dinners, you
know."

So there was until the Gooben maid
came in to ask Great-aunt what to
have for the evening collation.

"Land's sake!" exclaimed Great-aunt,
pettishly, "use your head. Haven't I
stocked up the pantry with enough
canned goods and prepared foods to
last until past Christmas? I suppose
you've forgot what a can opener looks
like!"

That was when the Little Woman
prompted me to have a sudden attack
of my hay fever, necessitating my being
rushed back to the city at once.

"I could have survived the country-
club life," wailed the Little Woman as
we retraced our steps from the sub-
way to our little nest, "but when I
heard Great-aunt Gooben talking about
canned goods—" Honest tears stood
in her honest eyes.

"Say no more," I entreated, and in-
dicated a handsome sign in the win-
dow of "The Waddle Inn," our neigh-
borhood super-delicatessen-restaurant.
It read:

—Special for To-day—

Home-made Turkey, Cranberry Jelly,
Candied Sweet Potatoes, Pumpkin Pie.

"Oh," said the Little Woman, bright-
ening at once. And she conducted me
forthwith through the inn's mediæval
entrance.

After all, there is nothing like an old-
fashioned Thanksgiving dinner.

260 General Electric
Floodlight Projectors
have made the God-
dess of Liberty a new
woman.



The right light for the lady



There were only 1277
electric light and power
companies when the
General Electric
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companies with a
total investment of
more than five billion
dollars. Electricity
moves forward with a
giant stride.

There is fine symbolism in
the fact that the Statue of Lib-
erty is lighted by electricity.

For electricity is a great Lib-
erator. Its function is to drive
out darkness; to free women
from household drudgery
and to transfer heavy bur-
dens from men's shoulders
to the shoulders of machines.
Let it do more for you.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



The Philosopher utters ***The Magic Phrase,***
"SUBSCRIBE TO LIFE"

For the Christmas Shopper—Satisfaction—The gift
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Enclosed find Five Dollars (Canadian \$5.80, Foreign \$6.60).
Send LIFE for one year to

"Open Sesame"
is out of date.

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OL

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Christmas Card
from

Books Received

A Preface to Life, by Edwin Justus Mayer
(Boni & Liveright).
Secret Service Smith, by R. T. M. Scott
(Dutton).
Post Mortem, by C. MacLaurin (Doran).
Football, by J. W. Wilce (Scribner).
Mankind at the Crossroads, by Edward M. East (Scribner).
The Discovery of God, by Basil King (Cosmopolitan).
On Autumn Trails, by Emma-Lindsay Squier
(Cosmopolitan).
By Scarlet Torch and Blade, by Anthony Euwer (Putnam).
Fenceless Meadows, by Bill Adams (Stokes).
Playwrights on Playmaking, by Brander Matthews (Scribner).
Working Through at Lincoln High, by Joseph Gollomb (Macmillan).
Rufus, by Grace S. Richmond (Doubleday, Page).
The Lady from the Air, by C. N. & A. M. Williamson (Doubleday, Page).

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I can't tell it in this small advertisement, so I ask you to send for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full explanation and directions for making convincing test on one lock of hair.

When you learn how I perfected my Restorer to bring back the original color to my own gray hair, what perfect results it assures, how easy is application, you will realize what my offer means to all gray haired people.

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Mail coupon today for Free Trial package and learn my wonderful story and what it means to you. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in letter.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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Street _____

City _____

MAIL
NOW

The Golf Widow's Revenge

All summer he had been playing golf, leaving his faithful wife at home—a golf widow. But now the golfing season has ended and he had come back to the bosom of his family.

Silence greeted him as he entered the door. The faithful wife was not there. Searching the empty rooms, he found a note pinned to the parlor lamp shade. It read: "I have learned Mah Jong."

That was all—but it was enough.

"Migod!" he cried. "A Mah Jong widower!"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



"WHY, MY DEAR MAN, RIGHT NOW MY POETRY IS BEING READ BY TWICE AS MANY PEOPLE AS BEFORE."
"SO! YOU WENT AND GOT MARRIED, DID YOU?"

—*Berlingske Tidende (Norway)*.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



His First Trip

As the parting instructions were being given, the fresh young salesman picked up his grip and started on his initial trip. "Good luck to you," said his chief; "wire us important news."

The following day this message was received: "Reached here safely, good room with bath, feeling fine."

The manager wired back: "So glad, love and kisses, good-by"—*Forbes*.

The Usual Kind

His wife had a cold, and could not go to church. But she insisted that he should go in her place. "Well," she inquired on his return, "and what was the burden of the vicar's sermon?" He sat down with a weary sigh. "All of it, my dear," he said.

—*London Daily Express*.

Very Good Indeed

"Are your chances good in the mixed doubles?"

"Very good. My most dangerous opponent is in love with my partner."

—*Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich)*.

THE MAID: I've often wondered, mum, why you don't get rid of that piano and 'ave the wireless—look what a lot of dustin' it'd save.—*London Opinion*.

Christmas Greeting Cards You Have Wished for All Your Life

Humorous—and we trust Life has promoted this trait in you.

Box of 10 assorted.....50¢ N88

Serious—even as Life is at times.
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If perchance you would like to put Life and originality into Doing Up Your Christmas Gifts Differently, a little colored folder will show you how and illustrates our cards charmingly. It is free—will you send for it to make Christmas Happier.

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Use PISO'S—this prescription quickly relieves children and adults.

A pleasant syrup. No opiates.

35¢ and 60¢ sizes
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TRADE MARK REG
U. S. PAT OFF

Time to Re-tire?
Buy
FISK

Force of Habit

A friend calling on De Soaque asked for a glass of water.

As the guest drank it the host stood eyeing him with a speculative gleam.

The guest, somewhat embarrassed, asked the reason for this behavior.

De Soaque apologized immediately.

"Force of habit," he explained. "I was waiting to see if it was going to kill you."

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Happy Thoughts

Overheard in Cornwall:

FIRST OLD LADY: I tell 'ee, my dear, you never knew w'a's going t' happen nowadays. I shouldn't be 't all s'prised t' hear any time that I'd a died sudden.

SECOND OLD LADY: 'Es, missus, tha's what my man ses, but I al'ays ses that if I live an' all's well I should like to be buried to St. Wenn.

—*London Daily News*.

A Nursery Tale

ELsie: Mummy, do you like stories?

MOTHER: Yes, dear.

"Shall I tell you one?"

"Yes."

"Will you be interested?"

"Of course I shall, dear."

"Well, there was once—a scent bottle—and I broke it!"

—*Pearson's Weekly (London)*.

THE WEALTHY DENTIST (*to his son*): What! You want more money? But just think, my boy, with the cost of what suffering that money has been earned!—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

AN Atchison motorist chants this complaint: "We stopped, looked and listened, and a blooming idiot bumped into our rear."—*Kansas City Star*.

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Exquisitely designed. Made to your own specifications. \$35 upward. Mail orders solicited. Catalogue and Directions upon request.

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Broadcastings

(Continued from page 22)

that price, and yet I give you my word of honor as a gentleman that I steals the brush, I steals the wire and I steals the 'andles."

"R!" the other one said. "I don't doubt you for a minute, but I steal my brooms ready made."

* * *

If all immigration is shut down for five years pursuant to the program suggested by the American Legion, it is bound to have a devastating effect upon the brass and wood wind choirs of our symphony orchestras. It will also make it increasingly difficult to hire a good contrabass or bull fiddle performer, since the playing of all such ungrateful musical instruments as the bull fiddle, the tuba and the bassoon is a career deliberately chosen for their offspring by parents in countries where there are no Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Imagine a conversation in Topeka, Kans., or Los Angeles, Cal., between the pastor and one of his congregation.

"And what is little Elmer going to be when he grows up?" the pastor inquires, patting little Elmer on the head.

"We expect to make him a performer on the bass saxhorn in A or B flat," says little Elmer's mother, smiling proudly.

It is a dialogue comparable with O. Henry's example of something which was never said by anybody: "So be it!" said the policeman."

A RACONTEUR is known by the stories he doesn't tell.

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Exquisite package of ten ~ 25c
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Tobacco Products Corporation, New York

Yes, We Have No Tickets

I AM a composite picture—a Yale, Harvard, and Princeton graduate. Last summer a friend asked me what I had got out of college. I really didn't know. Something vague, but worth while. At least, I thought it a fine thing to be a graduate. I boasted of it. Summer is the time to boast of it.

Yesterday another friend asked me the same question. My answer was concise and definite. I know now just what I have got out of college:

4 business associates who want tickets to the big game.

5 friends who want tickets to the big game.

8 friends of friends who want tickets to the big game.

3 social acquaintances who want tickets to the big game.

7 casual acquaintances who want tickets to the big game.

22 fraternity brothers from other colleges who want tickets to the big game.

6 aunts and uncles who want tickets to the big game.

And others too numerous to mention!

In the fall I do not boast of my college degree. After this I am going to say I was graduated at Wabash. Fall is the open season on the Yale-Harvard-Princeton graduate.

Metempsychosis

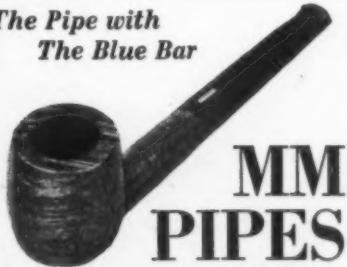
I SAW you and you looked the same,

The smile, the lips, the dancing eyes,
That once a man's wild heart could tame
And chain it as a captive prize.

I knew that man, a stranger now;
And when he passes coldly by
Your charms to which he then did bow,
I wonder, who am I!

J. S. P.

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THE MOVING STAIRWAY
—London Opinion.

Book Talk

THERE is a lure in the sound of "The Mystery Road," by E. Phillips Oppenheim (Little, Brown), but when traveled, it proves to be only the beaten Oppenheim track.

True, this time it leads to Russia, by way of Nice, and though we have said that we are thoroughly fed up on German intrigue, of which Oppenheim is High Priest and Past Grand-Master, we find ourselves looking wistfully backwards for *Baron von Pilsener*, the dashing Countess Vera, or certain high officials in the High Command.

For they had color, snap, ability and improbability, and, above all, *élan*, whereas Russian politics, as every one knows, is as banal as the thumb of a Bolshevik jailer in a cracked bowl of prison soup, as drab as Eugene O'Neill drama.

To atone for this realism, perhaps, Oppenheim introduces us to an impossibly frigid Grand Duchess, who is traveling in France and England under the name of *Melle de Poiniere*. Somewhat more credible are *Gerald Hinterlays* (*Lord Dombey*), and his friend *Christopher Bent*. *Gerald* is a bit of a devil-may-care but "ever the Gent," while *Christopher* is ever anything but.

The earlier part of the book keeps us on Oppenheim's old stamping ground—Monte Carlo. With cold hauteur, *Melle de Poiniere* lures poor *Gerald* on in clandestine meetings and cuts him in public. He impoverishes himself in order to obey her wishes, and she sends him off to Russia to rescue her brother—her brother, mark you—from a lingering prison diet.

We forget whether they change places, but a n y w y *Gerald* gets Brother out of jail and himself languishes in prison amid all sorts of horrors. In this *milieu*, we meet *Elsa Francks*—a character study, full of local color, kindheartedness and liquor. She rescues *Gerald* and gets him back home, only to find—but we must forbear to reveal more of the plot, although Mr. Oppenheim depends on plot less than any other popular mystery-writer we know, with the possible exception of that versatile young criminologist, our own Mr. Arthur Somers Roche.

If Mr. Oppenheim feels that he has exhausted Germany and must necessarily turn to Russia for complicated writing, let us beg of him to be more sparing of detail than he has been in this story.

M. H.

"SEE anybody you knew in New York?"

"No, but I had some narrow escapes."

The BILTMORE
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NEW YORK

Tea in the Palm Room
Dancing in the Supper Room

JOHN McE. BOWMAN
President

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 8)

mined... Enjoined my husband to go with me after dinner to hear some fine musick at a hall, but he looked so dumb and helpless over it, poor wretch, that I left him home to read in H. Van Loon's *The Story of the Bible*.

November 17th Kate Mitchell in our house ridiculously early, full of mysterious talk about some revelry of the night before, but as she named none of the company I refused to satisfy her by displaying any curiosity. Lord! I know not which people are more irritating, those who actually succeed in keeping their doings secret or those who try to publish them through the probe system... To a matinee of the Greenwich Village Follies, and I bitterly regret having taken Samuel, for when we reached home he did strive to emulate the man who makes the slow leap into the air and succeeded only in breaking the Sèvres bowl which holds the bittersweet and also one of his toes.

B. L.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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